

ELECTRA GUIDE BLUE

ELECTRA GUIDE BLUE is a newsletter of postal Diplomacy news, games and reviews. This issue is dedicated to Robert Bryan Lipton, who contrary to popular opinion (mine) is neither vain nor ignorant. I came to this conclusion after getting a good chance to talk to him at Di-Con.

ELECTRA GUIDE BLUE is published by ELECTRA INTERNATIONAL and edited by Cal White 1 Thornberry Ave Toronto, Ontario M6N 1P6
Phone 416 651 3072 (after 6:PM anyday)

Subscriptions to EGB are 8/\$2 Northam and 6/\$2 overseas. Any non-Canadian who writes me a cheque must add the huge sum of 50¢ to cover GIBC rip off charges. Money orders are exempt as is cash and are thus preferred but cash by mail is not recommended.

Samples of EGB are available on request but 25¢ would be appreciated. Use coins and not stamps because I use a postage meter to speed up the mail. (Hell! But Chance) Back issues are not generally available but if you send an issue off your sub I will try to get you one.

Game referees: Regular Diplomacy open to anybody who wants in. Signed up are Mike Deminsky and Ron Killeen. My third novice game has Philip Jurgens, Steve Karlovits and Greg Jensen signed up. 4 needed. Mastermind has Randolph Smyth and Julian Presber signed up so far. One or two more and I'll start. Gamefee for Mastermind is one issue off your sub or 25¢. Gamefee for Diplomacy is \$2 plus \$3 refundable deposit plus maintenance of a sub or trade in good standing. EGB is published with awesome regularity every two weeks without fail. Game deadlines fall on Fridays and the zine is mailed out Sunday night. If you haven't received your issue within 10 days, false hell. I will trade EGB for just about any Diplomacy related zine. If its not worth one of our whiles to trade due to quality or pubbing frequency or whatever we'll try a reciprocating sub.

Anybody who receives EGB is encouraged to write articles for me. Humor is preferred but all is paid for at the rate of 50¢ per full page. This is also the rate for illos but since I can reproduce any pix I want (within reason) you better be good. If you do send something then black on white is preferred. (preferably pencil) I haven't received any submissions for the Draw Hicrebe contest yet. Hurry up! I still reserve the right to declare No winner.

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All games in EGB are insured by the Canadian Diplomacy Organization. For more information write Doug Ronsch 221 Ingersoll Ct Mississauga, Ontario L5M 2S1 or John Leeder 1211 58th St NE Calgary, Alta T2M 3B6 EGB will shortly become an affiliate of the National Games Club of Britain. I will be running postal Mastermind open to NKC members only (that doesn't apply to the one currently filling) No Diplomacy will be available. For that go to Fel 31 Pte c/o Randolph Smyth 249 First Av Ottawa, Ontario K1A 2G5 For more info on the NKC in general write the Canadian Director Ralph Horton 173 Irving Av Ottawa, Ontario K1Y 1Z5

These colphons are getting progressively shorter. Aren't you glad?

Rumour Has It.....

1. This whole ish will be typed on this typer. The letter "d" on my other electric gave out, get this, while I was at DipCon and with nobody in the house. As I am starting this on the Friday before the ish is due, I won't have time to get the other one fixed. Not too much problem really since this is the superior machine, but it only uses carbon ribbons and I feel so guilty about using them on a ditto master. Conrad knows...
2. And now the one you've all been waiting for...

MY DIP TO TRIPCON (you know what I mean...)

There I was, all set for the big trip to Lake Geneva. Gonna stay at the Playboy Club, yessir, gonna really have fun, maybe even get ignorant, as Doug McLaughlan says. Had no trouble getting a large bundle of that monotonous American "funny munny". Had it all set up with George Parkanyi to drive down. Things had seemed even better when Hymas decided not to go. Yessir, great trip.

Of course, George couldn't go. Phones my place, I'm not home, leaves message. I get shock of my life (well...) when I see note on telephone table. "What da hell is this" I asks my ol' lady. "Oh," she says, George phones you. He can't make it to the Con." "Why that... Why not?" "He's moving out of his parents place in the Fall and getting his own place, so he has to save his money." That was the final straw! I hate people who have perfect excuses and I can't even get mad at them without feeling guilty. Sigh. [George, you do realize I'm kidding. I know that most things have to come first before Diplomacy. No hard feelings, ok, clown?]

* * *

The trip down.

I made arrangements via Grey Coach Bus Lines for a ticket down to Indianapolis via Detroit. The nice type lady on the phone said that I would leave 6:30PM Tuesday night, getting into Detroit about midnight. I would then catch a Grey Hound bus to Indy half an hour later. I phoned Walt Buchanan's place and had a long talk with Carol where I discovered that Walt was coming into Indy Wednesday morning to pick up Rod Walker and Conrad von Metzke so why didn't he pick me up? I had originally figured on walking or hitching into Lebanon but this was a welcome change in plans. Things are working out great I'm thinking. Comes the big day, two hours before I'm to leave for the bus station. My brand spanking new back pack is all loaded with such essentials as ~~tapes, cards, books, etc.~~ Last minute I figure I may as well bring extra clothes too. I decide a last minute confirmation of bus times wouldn't hurt. Wrong. Stupid bitch on the phone says that the bus gets into Detroit at 12:30 making a transfer to an Indy bound bus touch and go at best. Pissed off I figure that if it's the only chance take it. I leave. The bitch was wrong. I had no trouble.

The actual bus ride would have been rather boring except for Cathy, but this is a family zine so I'll not get into that.

I got into Indy at about 6:00AM; I waited until 7:00 to phone Walt (as per instructions) Everything's fine; he'll be in at ca 9:00AM. What do I do for two hours. I commence my assault on the much vaunted American pinball machines. It cost me exactly 25¢ and two hours later I sold seven games for 50¢. So much for pinball. I saw Walt coming down the corridor and went to hail him. Who's that little kid with him? Walt introduces him as Billy. Billy who? I think. It didn't hit me until a few minutes later. Prince William! We go to Walt's bus and he opens it. At first I thought we had gotten into the wrong bus. This must be the Indy Pacers basketball team. But no, it's only Conrad, all 6'7 shoe size 17 of him. Warm handshake; three broken bones in hand and strained wrist. Turn around, who's this hippy? He's introduced as Rod Walker. Beard, sunglasses, couldn't find any love beads though. Both turned out to fabulous people as you will see...

Had great drive back to Lebanon, getting to know each other, talking about various projects that EVA has going, Costaguana [One of the better zines around] and various things that are of absolutely no interest to anybody except us which is why you're not hearing it. snick. Driving along I-65 Walt pointed out some of the more interesting things that the NY Conspiracy did trying to find Walt's house before Citax 75. double snick.

We turned onto Hazelrigg road and pulled off into a nice secluded driveway and got out (or rather my, Conrad and Rod having been there before, I think) first look at the famed house by the lake/pond. Going inside I met Walt's wife Carol Ann (pretty lady) and John Douglas, second heir apparent. If I haven't before I want to thank Walt and Carol for their tremendous example of Mid Western hospitality. If you're ever up here I only hope I can do the same for you.

Most of my stay at Walt's house was mostly shooting the breeze and enjoying the company of all the fine people. Walt, Rod and Conrad had a long conversation with Micky Ulanov on the phone. I didn't know who he was so I just laughed at the humor which became apparent.

Then came the moment. We were escorted down a long winding stairway. We then entered a large room where we stripped, showered and were given lab coats to put on. Escorted by 8' tall guards all with two Doberman's on a lead we took the elevator down 200' more (By the way, please note that I have left out all mention of the machine gun emplacements and minefields because I have been sworn to secrecy. Security, you know.)

After the 15' thick solid titanium door was hydraulically opened we came to a door marked with one word- "Archives". This is where we spent the rest of our visit to Walt's place. (Security, you know)

The next day we arose bright and early having spent the night at Walt's parents place which was about 100 metres away. Walt, Rod, Conrad and I all piled into the VW Bus and we were on our way. We wasted about 30 minutes by going to a Waffle House instead of a MacDonalds, but the "heartly Hoosier breakfast" was worth it. (I promised I'd refer to the "HHB") We stopped at O'Hare Airport in Chi town to pick up Jeff Key who had flown in from I don't where. Walt went to look for Jeff while we stayed in the car. Rod got bored and went to look for him also. Jeff and Walt then return. Conrad goes to look for Rod who returns causing Walt to go look for Conrad. Conrad returns and says he'll look for Walt. We do not permit this of course. Then Conrad says "Look, I've got to mail a letter, I'll go to the mailbox and then come right back." "Okay," we say. Eventually they all got back and we were off. After about two hours and a half dozen missed turn off which I won't tell you about because I don't want to remember we were there.

The Lake Geneva Playboy Resort has to be experienced to be appreciated. I shall try to describe it, however. The actual building is one long, huge dungeon. This is not derogatory, but with it's sloping passages, stairs, corridors and the like, well I heard fifteen different people comment separately that it would make a perfect place for live D&D. The building is three floors and is about 1 kilometer long. It's only about fifty metres wide so it resembles a snake when seen from the air. It is nestled into the countryside about two miles from Lake Geneva. You don't care about the distance from the lake because besides the two swimming pools (one inside, one outside) there is a private, man made lake just in back of the building. All around the grounds is an eighteen hole golf course which unfortunately, I never got to try. There are tennis courts (big deal) basketball courts (yeah!) skeet shooting facilities, mini golf, rent a bike place, rent a peddle boat place (You can land on the island in the middle of the manmade lake, although the sole structure is an outhouse). The most impressive feature, to me, anyway, is the private airfield and the fleet of about a dozen small planes which you can charter for a short spin or to some nearby city. The main building itself has a lot as well. There are four restaurants. One is a buffet that was too damn fancy for me to try. Another is a discotheque which I am still

kicking myself for missing. By the time I got around to deciding that I was going to go, they closed it for that night. They have another restaurant which is set up like a sidewalk cafe, with tables, potted trees and of course bunnies for waitresses. This place served the most absolutely fantastic hamburgers that I have ever tasted. Half a pound of lean ground beef perfectly charcoaled broiled. Umm! The other restaurant I didn't get a chance to go to until Monday night. It was a regular night club with excellent live entertainment.

Even with these excellent gourmet delights there for the asking ("I'd say that I spent most of my non-Con time in the Playroom. This is quite simply a pinball arcade. I have been playing pinball for 15 years (I'm 19 now) and I can never resist a pinball joint. I must have spent more time in the Play Room than I did sleeping. (At least one entire night was spent in there) One thing that bothered me though was that you could not win free games. Gaining a certain score gave you an extra ball but that's not much. I mentioned that to somebody (Bob Hartwig, maybe?) and he didn't seem surprised. Up here in Toronto (and even in Indy, now that I think of it) you can win free games. Cheap.

Con

Of the actual convention I can't really say too much. I was much too busy enjoying the club. (The first day Bob Hartwig and I went up for our first airplane rides. We'd both been in large jumbo planes and I'd been in a helicopter but neither of us had been in the small Cessna type jobs. I enjoyed the ride but Bob fell in love with it. Half an hour later he was talking about getting his pilots license.) I had been undecided as to whether I was going to play in the Pin Tourney or not and as it was I just delayed the decision until it was too late and I had slept in. Anyway I enjoyed the leisure of being able to drift around and talk to people I'd just met.

Back to as much chronology as I can remember having forgotten to take notes (again)

We arrived at the Resort about 1:00PM and I had to start looking for Bob Hartwig. The room was listed in his name and he had my Con Name Tag which was my pass to get in. I had instructions to look for a tall guy wearing a Stetson. I had visions of missing him in the crowd and having to re-register for the Con and get my own room, etc. I went with Walt to the front desk where I was going to ask if anybody named Hartwig had claimed a room. Coincidentally enough he happened to be standing at the front desk so I had no trouble there. After we became acquainted I was introduced to my roommates. One Mr. David Bunke, esteemed publisher of the "Ninth Circle" and one Mr. Wayne Stent (I know the last name is spelled wrong but he was never introduced to me as anything but Wayne. I only have a vague idea of his last name from glimpses at his name tag.) Both turned out to be pretty decent guys and they turn out a fine magazine. Write for a sample D Bunke 5512 Julmar Dr., Cincinnati, OH 45238. The fifth member of our quad (I know, but it's fun to beat the Establishment) was Lil' John Baker, erstwhile IDANA Ombudsman who was not getting in until that evening.

The first day was spent mostly getting to know each other and the club. I don't think I met anybody else the first day. Maybe nobody else planned to get in until Friday.

The second day was much better in terms of meeting people. I was walking down the hall with Wayne on the way back to the room and I saw this bunch of people obviously deranged gimping down the hall. There was this somewhat miniscule (sorry about that) person in front who looked amazingly like a teddy bear. I seemed to remember the face from a picture in one of Walt's albums. There was also this hulking figure who I seemed to remember from last years convention. I walked past them probably looking puzzled. Then it hit me: Teddy bear/Rosenberg; the Hulk/Tihor. Egads. I turned around and say, "Are you guys from New York. They all immediately ducked into doorways and pulled out knives. "What's it to ya?" the one with the beard and the crazed look in his eye said.

I introduced myself to them and a general conversation ensued with the usual meaningless rhetoric. Who have you seen. Did you have much trouble getting here. (That's a story in itself. The Conspiracy was supposed to meet us at Walt's place the night before. They were to return to the scene of so much confusion two years before and in the dark ever. Anyway, somewhere in Pennsylvania their car broke down causing them so much delay that they couldn't make it to Walt's. They did make it to the Con after renting a car.) Let me try to remember the names now (I'm great at faces but names...) There was Scott Rosenberg, Ben Grossman, Mike Rocamora, Greg Gostikyan, Steven Thor, and Tom Gould (the afore mentioned crossed bearded one.) We were talking about the upcoming open season on Lakobkoids with water pistols and it was decided that we needed to know Lek's room number. Greg picks up the phone (we were in their room by this time.) and dials the front desk. (In a drunk voice) Harro? Thish ish Lennie Lakobfka. Cou' you pliez tell me my room number? Thangyou." To us "2110" Everybody briles up.

The next day the Con really started

The next day the Con really started because of the Diplomacy Hospitality meeting. What the hell that was supposed to mean nobody knew. We used it mostly as a place to meet everybody who had come and to check out the trophies. (By the way, before the tourney had been completed the trophies for Best Germany and Best Russia had been stolen. There is no need for me to try and convey my contempt for the person(s) who did this. If you see these trophies in the house of somebody you know kindly strangle him, please) This day I met Doug Beyerlein and had a long talk with him. Actually I had met him the year before but we had not really talked to each other. This was also the case with Len and Bob Lipton and a couple of others.

The general meeting

I had not had supper before the general meeting and I guess this was the case with a lot of people because Ben Grossman and I were delegated to go into town to pick up some stuff. Not that there was anything wrong with the food at the Club but rather that Len has a thing about Kentucky Fried Chicken. (There was a motion before Council to impeach Len because of the way he eats chicken.) We got back about half an hour later and the meeting had more or less begun. I had wanted to tape the meeting but my room was at the far end of the block and I didn't want to go anywhere. About half way through I did go and got it, at the urging of Dave Radzinski, and I have about half of the meeting on tape. The whole thing was so completely boring that about half way through Bob Hartwig got up and left in disgust. The only thing that was discussed was the site selection for next years DipCon. I've heard bids from Paul Wood for MichiCon in Detroit and from Doug Beyerlein and Conrad von 'etake for GLASC in Los Angeles. Len also made a half hearted effort for GenCon next year but as he wanted it at GLASC he wasn't intending to be too impressive. It was decided that it would be at Greater Los Angeles Simulations Convention (GLASC) by a score of 14-6. It was generally felt that the MichiCon bid was better, but since it hadn't been out on the West Coast for a dog's age MichiCon lost. Paul Wood was very graceful in defeat and we asked him to try and get a rep out to GLASC for the 79 bid. He said he'd try and Conrad offered to be the Rep if needed. Once everybody became bored with proposals of different methods the conversation went like this: "Motion to adjourn. Is there anyone opposed. I second it. Meeting adjourned." OPEN FIRE! Get Lakobfka! After this I went out the door along with about five others. We chased Len through about half the building, knocking people over before we finally ran out of water. During this time Robert Bryan Lipton had had a showdown with Walt Buchanan. It should have been rather one sided as Bob's squirt gun didn't work but Walt had decided to wait for Bob to fire. Mexican standoff. Greg tried to intervene by telling Walt that Howard had killed him with his sword. (All this is on tape so I know)

On the final day of the Con

On the final day of the Con the second round of the tourney was played. I don't exactly have the final results but I do know that Mike Rocamora won the whole thing capturing two "Best Country" trophies in the process. He's lucky I didn't play...

I did not really have my plans for returning to Toronto finalized even right up to the final day. I had made a tentative arrangement with Konrad Baumeister to drive to Milwaukee where I was going to come home through Sault Ste Marie stopping in at my parents cottage in Muskoka. I changed that when John Baker and I decided to stay an extra night after which we would impose on Walt once more. After that John would drive me to Indy where I would bus home. This is what I eventually did.

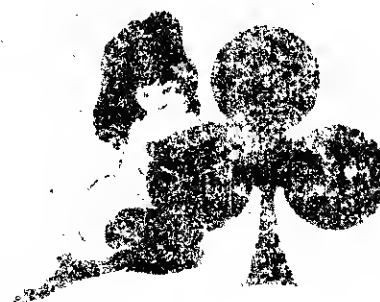
Last night

After John and I said goodbye to everybody. (I never did get to say goodbye to Bob, Dave and Wayne. Sorry about that guys) we settled down to enjoying the club. That night we checked out the night club and had a hell of a time. I got quite enjoyably drunk on a bunch of Vodka & Orange juices (Milk of Kings)(Tsars?) We were about to move in on two nice young nymphs having waited for them to finish their supper so they would have no objections to dancing when a third quite abominable bag moved in. Plan ruined. Sigh. ((Jimmy!-Ich- der alt bag! Si?))

The next morning we enjoyed a room serviced breakfast which cost a ridiculous amount for what it was worth (and I never did get my grapefruit)

A night in the Archives - almost

We were off by noon Monday. We made it to Walt's around supertime, but being the good guests we are had had supper before we got there. We spent the evening talking before Walt went to bed. I stayed up til about 3:00AM reading such classic as old Saguenay's Anubis (one of my favourite zines) and even Jutland Jollies (Derek Nelson's zine of about 12 or 13 years ago) I never did bother with the Graustarks. We left next mornin' and I got to Indy about 12:30, played pinball until 2:15 and left for home on the bus. Had a nice ride and took transit home. See you next year in LA!



What? This issue has games in it? Hmm?

1975X Fall 1909 GERMANS DRAW BACK INTO TIGHT DEFENSIVE SHELL! TURKS BUILD!

Austria (Bill Pike) f con-ank; f smy-con; a rum h, s by a ser; a bud-gal; a tyo h, s by a's vic & ven; a rom-nap

England (Dieter Loerick) a ruh-bur* f eng-bel; f kie-ber; f hol-kie; a bre-par, s by a gas; f lyo-mar; f ska-swe, s by f den; f bar-mar; f ion-tun;

Germany (Mike Davison) f bal-ber; a bur-ruh, s by a mm; a pie-tyo; s by a boh; f swe-my, s by a stp; a gal-bud; a uke-rom, s by a sev;

Turkey (Walter Blank) a bul-con; f gre-bulac

*English a ruh is annihilated.

Deadline is September 23, 1977.
Winter only, I think, eh?

Supply Centres after 1909

A: (10) home, ser, rum, ven, nap, rom, smy, ~~bel~~, ank. Build one.
E: (14) home; bre, par, mar, por, spa, tun, bel, hol, dan, swe, kie. Build four. (3)
G: (4) rum, ber, stp, war, mos, sev, my, ~~bel~~, ~~spa~~, ~~kie~~. Remove three.
T: (3) con, gre, ~~bel~~, ~~bul~~. Build one.

England will obviously be one short for the next year. And we have a wee spot of press:

Constantinople: I find it hard to believe that Germany has never written me! I should pay 13¢ to help you!

YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED THAT I HAVE SWITCHED TYPERS AGAIN. I CAN'T USE THE ONES AT WORK ANY MORE FOR A WHILE ANYWAY

1976A Winter 1908/Spring 1909

England built f lon

France built a mar, f bre

Italy retreated f gre otb and removed f apu.

Turkey built a con.

England (Acheson***) a stp h; f my s a stp; f was-mid* f lon-eng; a kie-hol, s by f hel & f nth; f bal-ber;

France (Norm Weinstock) a hol-kie* s by a ber; f bal-eng; f bre-mid; f space-wes, s by f lyo; a mar-kie, s by a tyo; a rum s a tyo;

Italy (Randolph Smyth) a ven-tyo, s by a tri; a tue-pie; f tun-tus; f lon-tun; s by f tun; a ser-bud

Turkey (Walter Blank) a con-sev, c by f bla; a mos-war; a gal-boh; a bud-gal; a bul-ruh; f aeg-gre; f cas-aeg; a lvn-pru;

* English f was-mar, otb.

** French a hol-ruh, otb.

*** I did not get anything from Jan Jensen for this season. This is probably my fault as I don't believe I noted his takeover on his issue. Luckily I found some orders that Bob had sent in for this season. Jan will assume play from now until Bob gets back. And once again note that Randolph is now playing Italy, Paul Clement having fucked off.

Deadline for Fall 1909 is September 23, 1977

1976CX Spring 1905.

The doncession was defeated 4 Yes, 1 No, 1 No vote.

Austria (CD) a tri h*

England (Walter Blank) NMR! a fin. f's ska, bel, nth, eng, kie all hold

France (Norm Weinstock) a bre-bel; a bur s German a ruh-mun; a naf-spa, c by f wes;
f mar-lyo

Germany (Bob Acheson) f den s English f ska-swe /nso/ a ruh-mun;

Italy (Ron Kelly) a tus-ven; a pie-tyo; f tyn-nap; f tun-ion;

Russia (Ron Killeen) a nwy s f swe; f swe s a nwy; a stp s a nwy; a war-sil; a man s
German a ruh-kie/nso/** a vie-tri, s by a ser; a sev-arm; f bla-ank;
a mos-lvn; a bul s a con; a con s a bul;

Turkey (Jan Jensen) a smy-con; f aeg s f gre; a gre h;

* Austrian a tri is annihilated.

** Russian a mun-ber, boh, oth.

Deadline for Fall 1905 is
September 23, 1977.

Jan: Realistic, yes. Reliable, yes. Quitter, no. CW.

Moscow: All Russia is ecstatic over her recent gains of territory. Throughout the streets one can see parades and people singing. Everywhere people are cheering. Various comments were made, some of which will be printed in this various magazine ((Sigh))

"What are we having for dinner tonight, dear?"

"Why, Turkey, of course!"

"Norway are we going to give back Scandinavia to those English swines!" (That is, if I have any choice in the matter.)

"The czar says that we soon will rule the world!"

"No, you can't be Spain."

"I wonder what it's like to eat valet meat?"

"The czar says our secret is that his generals spray negative ions on the armies before batle."

"I see. And where does he get all those ions from." ((You wouldn't))

"The Ionian Sea, of course!" ((You did! Aargh!))

"The strength of the English fleets forced the Germans to move to the Ruhr of the line."

"Beware the English, who have evil intentions of trying to Rome around Italy."

Because this is a family zine it was decided not to print any of the comments on Brest or Naples. But to show that we Russians are not above a little humour ((very little)) ourselves (sort of) there is one more:

"The Polish version of the Warhammer or battle axe is (are you ready for this?)(No) the Warsaw!" ((Pretend you didn't hear that, Tadek))

The czar, in a rare appearance spoke to a crowd of over 12, ((12 what?)) cautioning that the Russian Empire cannot realistically yet maintain control over its colonies. Thus, following the example of Hadrian 1750 years ago all armies have been ordered to halt further campaigns and to consolidate present positions. ((Remember Anzio!))

Czar Killeenski has also stressed the importance of allies and has confidence that England and Russia will be the best of friends and that he had visions (holy, of course) of him and King Walter walking arm in arm.

Well, that's all from Russia this month. Next month we'll be coming to you direct from Queen's University ((appropriate)) in fascinating Kingston. So if any of you change your mind and decide to write to me then... Lastly, isn't it lucky my hand healed otherwise this press wouldn't have existed? ((Sigh))

Ren will be in Kingston starting next month. He doesn't yet know his address but tells me that anything sent to his Delisle address will catch up with him eventually.

1977AF Not quite Fall 02.

Remember last issue I made a few corrections to my previous adjudications? I said that if ~~anybody~~ sent me moves ~~and~~ ~~or~~ ~~the~~ ~~previous~~ ~~moves~~ I would delay this season. Well, apparently Pete Wynnyesnik didn't have time to mail in corrected moves so we have to delay the whole thing.

Here are the correct unit positionings:

Austria (Julian Presber) a's tri, gal, bud f gre

England (Tom Tompkins) a lon f's mry, nth, edi

France (Mario Gaus) a's gas, sur, nic, par f por

Germany (Mark Pecenko) a's bel, mm, den f's bel, hel

Italy (Duane Skuce) a's apu, tus i's tyn, ion

Russia (Pete Wynnyczuk) a's mos. ukr. war. f's gov. rum. swe.

Turkey (Jan Jensen) a's arm, bul f's smy, bla.

Note that Russia retreated a gal-war and that the Pacific war is a fleet.

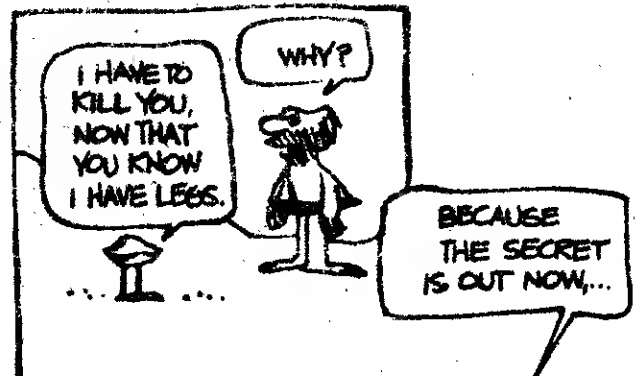
The new deadline for Fall 1993 is September 9/77 at which time we will go no matter what. Orders based on the corrected positions from everywhere but Julian Presber informs me that Claude Gautron should be taking his position back as he was expected back on Aug 28, but as he hasn't written yet I would be negotiating with both. Claude's orders will, of course, take precedence but if I don't get any Julian's will be used.

1977AG WHOOPS!

Last issue I printed orders on file and I included Germany on that list. Now when I came to check I find no German orders. So, this means one of several things. 1. George sent them in and I've lost them. 2. George didn't send them in but I made the mistake of including them in the "on file" list. The second one could mean that George saw the list and assumed I had orders from him and therefore didn't submit any for this season.

Whatever the reason there is no way I can go ahead and ~~drop~~ this season so I will set the deadline for September 9/77 and hope George is fast enough to make the deadline. If not I will delay until issue 9. I. Please hurry GP.

Orders on file from (careful now): A/E/E/P/T



ELITE GLIDE BLUE
c/o Aronikanna
1 Turnberry Ave
Toronto, Ontario
M6N 1P6

Sub Credit _____

Standby Request, Page _____

You are mentioned on page ✓
because I saw you at Dixton

IT'D BE HONoured IF
YOU'D SUBSCRIBE

[Signature]



ROD WALKER
1273 CREST DR
ENCINITAS, CA
92024